Boston, Feb. 28, 1843.

My dear friend Elizabeth:

100 Before receiving yours of the 31st Dec. (enclosing an excellent letter from Joseph Barker, which shall be given to the readers of the Liberator next week, and which would have had a much more prompt insertion if it had not been for the pressure of other matter,) I had almost begun to feel apprehensive that, for some cause or other, I had unwittingly given you offence — so long a time had transpired since I had received a letter from you. It is true that I have no special claim on your time or attention; it is true that, of all correspondents, I am the most procrastinating, (my epistles being "few and far between" — O that it were in my power to make them "like angels' visits"!) and therefore have no right to complain of any body, on that score; but, knowing how generous is your spirit, and with what facility and despatch you use the pen, I scarcely knew how to interpret your silence. It seems your state of health has been so delicate as to require abstinence from continued mental effort and epistolary correspondence. — It is cheering news to hear that you are better. Be careful lest a relapse come upon you; and consult your own necessities, even at the risk of being misapprehended, for a time, by your numerous friends. I, too, have been ill, severely so, and know experimentally how to sympathize with those who are prostrated on beds of sickness. During my confinement of more than six weeks to my chamber, I felt with the poet Thomson to exclaim —

"O, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind!
The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth —
The temperate evening falls serene and kind!"

My dear Helen was called to summon all her fortitude and devotedness as a wife and a mother, and faithfully did she perform her part. With a babe at her breast, a husband sick almost unto death, and three children lying ill at the same time of that dreadful disorder scarlatina, she nobly passed through the ordeal; and it was not until we were all convalescent, that her exhausted frame gave out, when she was brought down by a slow, intermittent fever, from which she has since happily recovered. Truly, we have been afflicted as a household, but the wings of divine love and mercy have overshadowed us all the while.

I join with you in the regret, that it was not my good fortune to become acquainted with your excellent friend, Joseph Barker, during my last visit to England. His writings evince a most amiable and christian spirit, and a mind resolutely bent in knowing and obeying the truth, at whatever sacrifice. The correspondence which has thus been opened between us, I trust will long be continued. He cannot shower his epistles upon me too copiously. O, such spirits are too rare in our world, and it is for this reason that the world is "upside down", yea, in ruins. But the work of redemption is assuredly going on, and Christ shall yet have the heathen for a possession, and reign "from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

Dear Henry C. Wright, it appears, you have not yet seen. I commend him to your friendship and confidence as a tried spirit, a loving friend of the human family, a humble follower of the Son of God. You will find him to be a man of child-like simplicity, absorbed in his one desire to go about doing good, of unpretending manners, frank and bold in the declaration of his sentiments, and of a remarkably social and affectionate spirit. He is not calculated to captivate an audience by his eloquence, but he finds no difficulty in securing their attention by the sincerity of his manner, the startling novelty of his doctrines, and the vigor with which he lays the axe at the root of the tree. We miss him from our ranks, more and more, and shall hardly be able to reconcile ourselves to a prolonged absence or his part abroad. Still, it is for him, and not for us, to mark out his course, and to determine in what part of the vineyard of the Lord he shall labor. When you see him, I dare say your mind will be greatly refreshed by the communications it will be in his power to make to you, respecting our reformatory operations in this country. He knows "every rope in the Ship"—is familiar with all the transactions of the last ten years—and is personally acquainted with nearly all the leading abolitionists and non-resistants on this side of the waters. Just take a peep into his diary, or get him to read from its pages, and you will find many things of a curious and an instructive nature. I am much pleased to hear that you so highly appreciate his little volume, "A Kiss for a Blow," and trust it will find a ready sale in England. Your advice and counsel will be of great service to him as to his best method of getting before the people. May the God of peace crown his labors with abundant success, and return him in safety to his native land!

The intelligence which you communicate respecting Dwarkanauth Tagore excites painful anxiety for the welfare of our beloved friend George Thompson. I thought, from the first, that the mission of G. T. was one of doubtful utility and great personal hazard; but now, "clouds and shadows" do indeed rest upon it. Let us, however, hope for the best.

The present condition of England strikes me not only as extremely melancholy, but as absolutely frightful. What a spectacle, in a country famous for its industry and its fertility, to see vast multitudes of the people famishing for bread! What is to be the end of all this? Of all your reform parties, not one goes far enough — not one is based on the broad, immovable foundation of human rights — not one raises the standard of christian revolt against the powers of darkness. The repeal of the Corn Laws may do something for the relief of the people — the extension of the right of suffrage may ultimately do more; but these measures are not radical, but only palliative. Palliation, it may be said, is better than unmitigated suffering; and so it is, pro tempore; but there is nothing so good as a blow aimed at the right source. The people are crushed beneath an overgrown monarchy and a bloated aristocracy, and are made the victims of an atrocious alliance between Church and State. Why not then boldly aim for the destruction of these? I confess it excites my derision, and awakens indignant feelings in my bosom, when I read the proceedings of your Anti-Corn Law men, your Free Suffrage declaimers, your roaring Chartists, at their soirees and on other social or convivial occasions, and see that Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert, and the rest of the royal brood, are complimented in "sentiments," and cheered as, if they were the benefactors of old England! The watchword should be, — at the risk of martyrdom, or execution for high treason, — Down with the throne! Down with the aristocracy! Down with the accursed union between Church and State! The rights of God and man should be defended at all hazards. Of course, I desire the shedding of no blood, but only the utterance of great and terrible truths, and the use of those weapons which are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds. None but non-resistants, in deed and in truth, in spirit and in life, are qualified to carry on such a warfare. Some of them would probably die as martyrs; but this is far better than that a whole people should perish. Without a miracle, if things continue long in their present state, it seems to me England cannot escape a bloody revolution.

Say to your venerable father, that I have forgotten neither his personal kindness to myself, nor his philanthropic zeal in the cause of universal emancipation. May his useful life long be spared to the world. I will thank you to convey to your mother-in-law my respectful remembrances. The death of so benevolent a man as Jonathan Backhouse must be severely felt among you. Whose turn it may be next to put off this mortality, it is impossible to foresee, nor is it material. "That life is long which answers life's great ends."

Elizabeth Pease,
Darlington,
England.

EVERY MAN knows that SLAVERY IS A CURSE; whoever denies this, his lips libel his

MA 16
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So! there is to be another General Anti-Slavery Convention held in London, in June next — and the whole world of women have been duly notified that none but "gentlemen" will be admitted as members! Of course, the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries will not consent to be represented on the occasion, even by "gentlemen". I hope Br. Wright will go into the gallery to take notes, and that he will also make his arrangements so as to attend the London anniversaries in May. Farewell, beloved friend!

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.